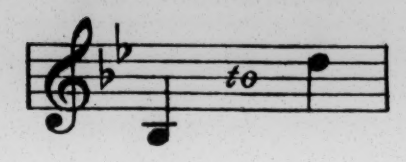
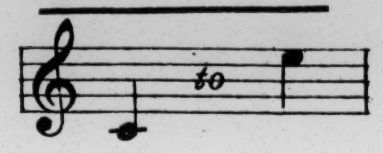
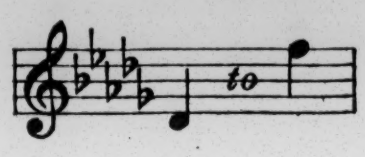
No. 1 in B♭



No. 2 in C



No. 3 in D♭



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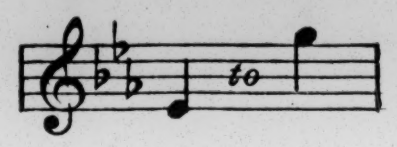

SUNG BY

JOHN McCORMACK — FRANCIS ROGERS

CANTOR JOSEF ROSENBLATT AND REINALD WERRENRATH

DUNA

Song

THE WORDS BY

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

The Music by

JOSEPHINE McGILL

Ⓐ

BOOSEY & CO., LTD.

STEINWAY HALL, NEW YORK: 111-113 WEST 57TH ST.

— AND —

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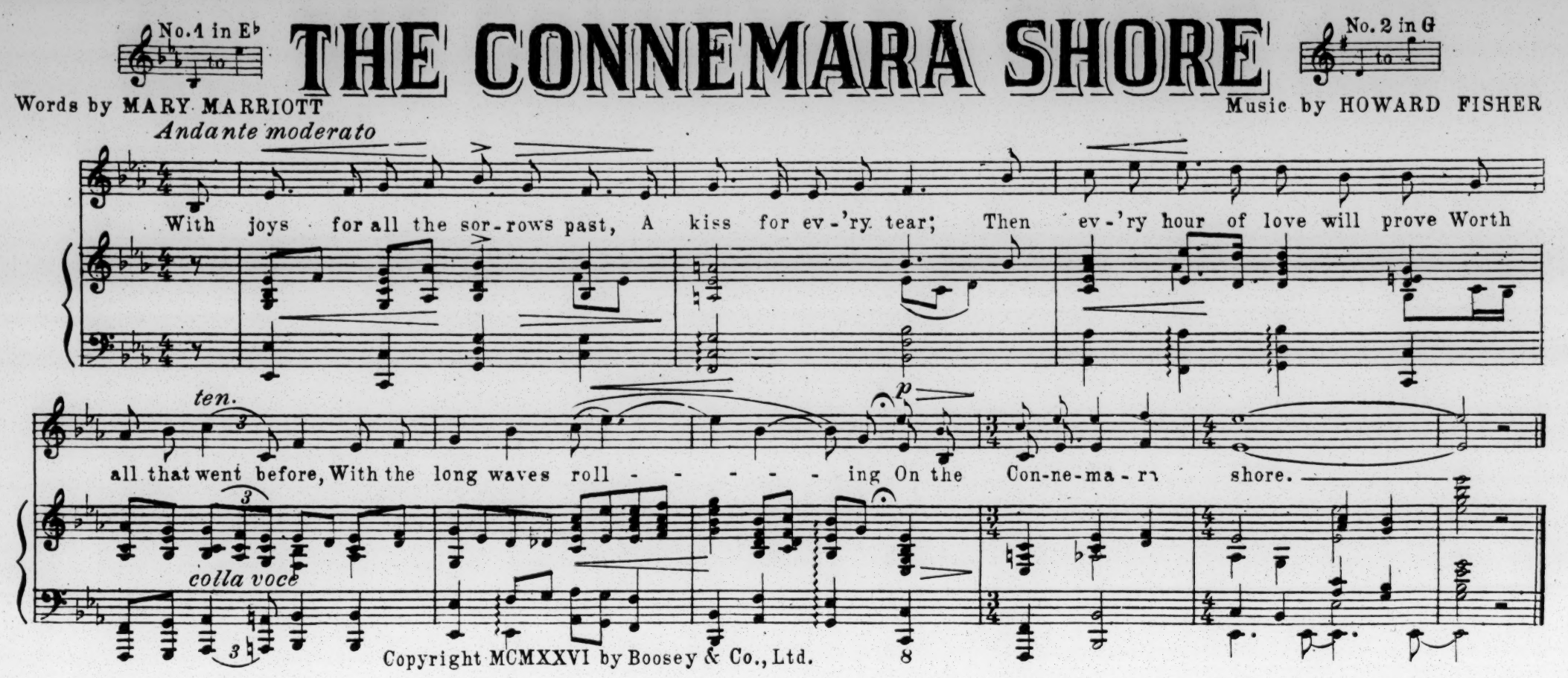
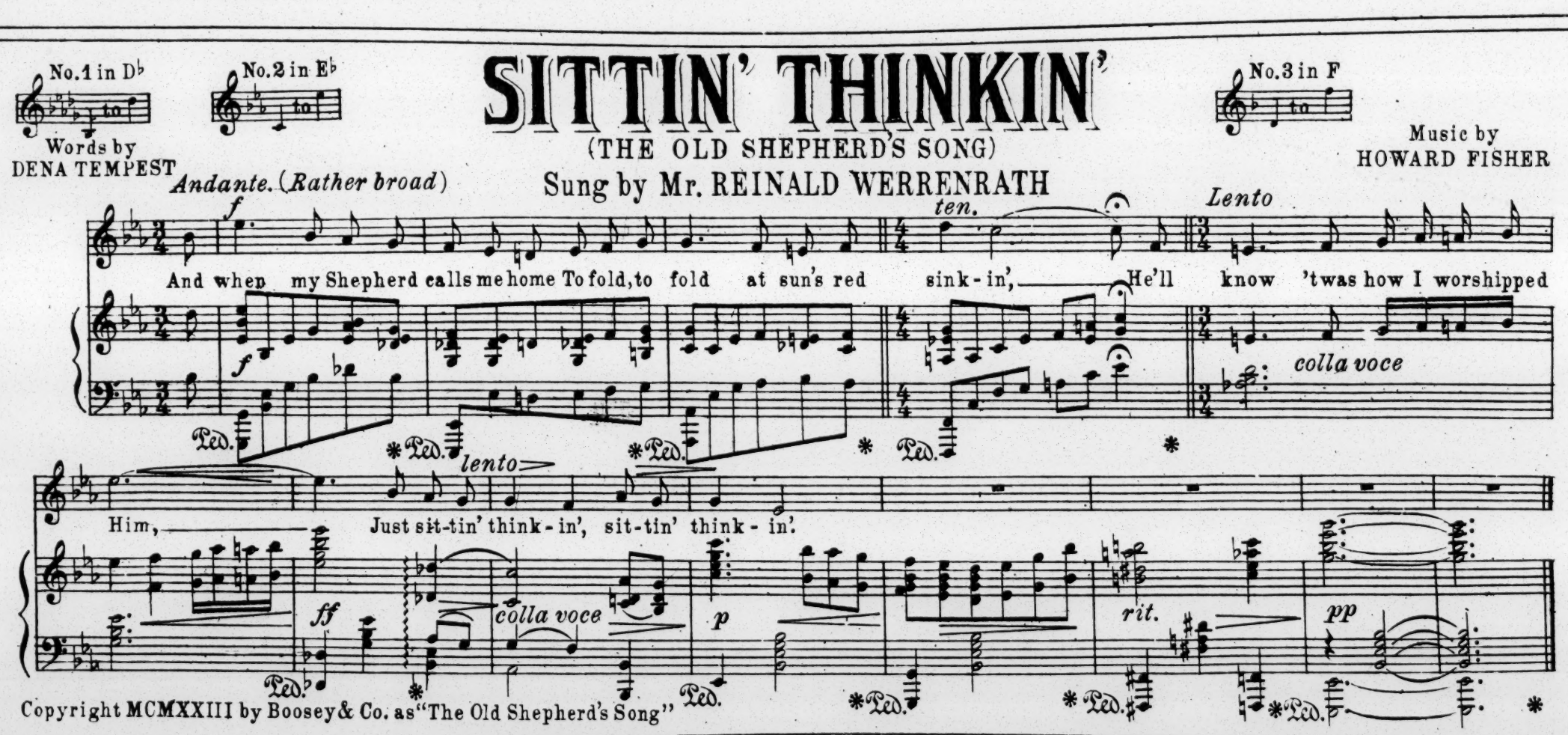
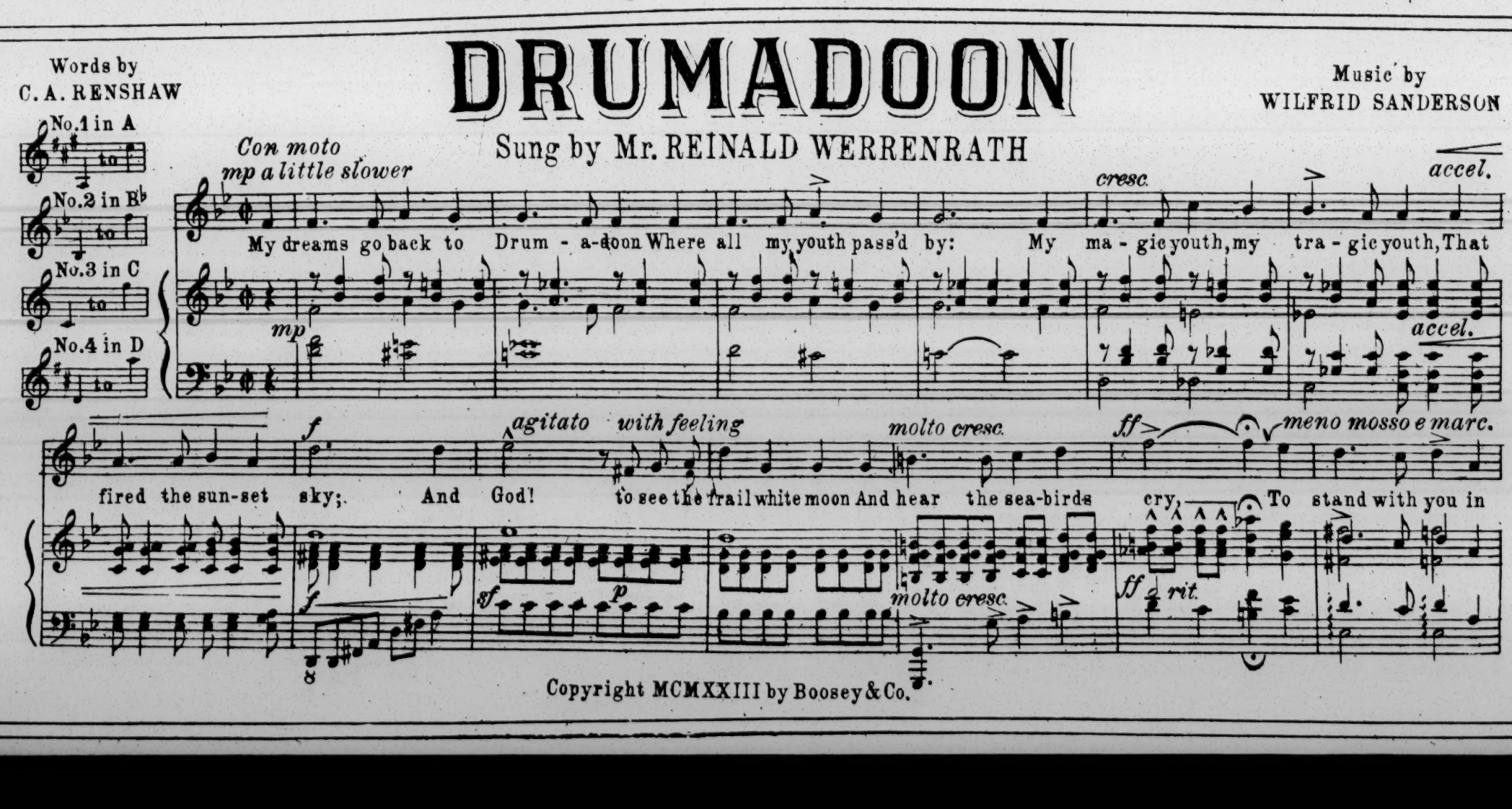






Mahony Gift
5-9-85

DUNA.

When I was a little lad (lass)
With folly on my lips,
Fain was I for journeying
All the seas in ships.
But now across the southern swell
Every dawn I hear
The little streams of Duna
Running clear.

When I was a young man (maid)
*Before my beard was gray,
All to ships and sailormen
I gave my heart away.
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,
I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Duna
Call me home.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

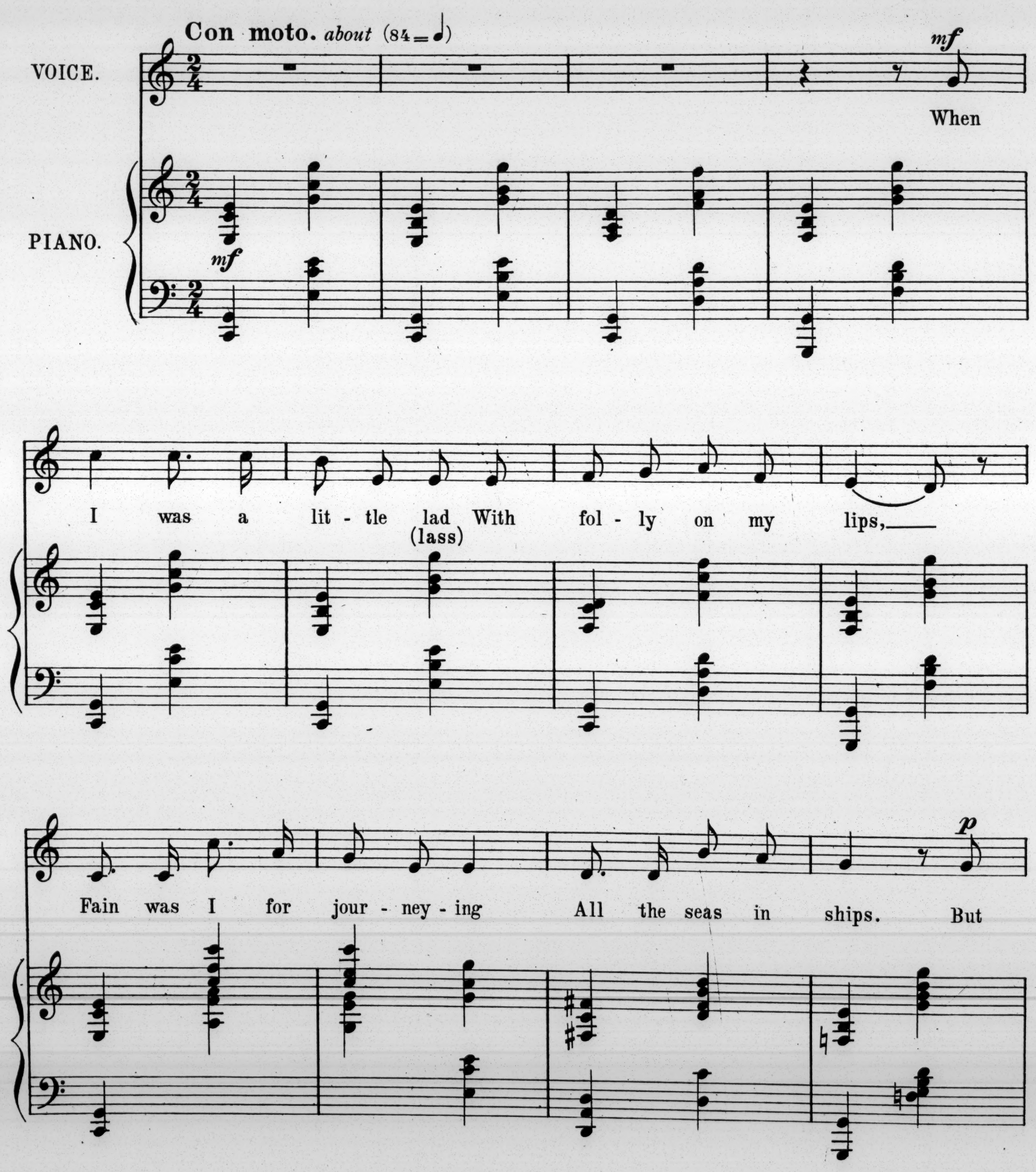
**When sung by a lady, substitute:*
"And life was glad and gay"

To My Mother.

DUNA.

Words by
MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

Music by
JOSEPHINE Mc GILL.



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now a - cross the south - ern swell, Ev - 'ry dawn I hear___ The

lit - tle streams of Du - na run - ning clear, _____

p

p

_____ The lit - tle streams of Du - na run - ning

clear.

sostenuto.

mf

When I was a young man, Be - fore my beard was
(maid, And life was glad and

mf

gray, All to ships and sai - lor - men I gave my heart a -
gay,)

pp rit.

-way. But I'm wea - ry of the sea - wind, I'm wea - ry of the

pp rit.

a tempo.

foam, And the lit - tle stars of Du - na, Call me home.

pp rit.

a tempo.

pp rit.

The lit - tle stars of

Du - na call me home, The lit - tle stars of

pp *a tempo.*

Du - na, Call me home.

a tempo.

pp

ppp

Ped.